

A N E G Y R I C K

To the KING.

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Hrice mighty PRINCE, Illustrious by thy Birth,
 Bellona's Glory: Splendor of the Earth.
 Order of Brav'ry, and of charming Parts,
 Conquerour of Kingdoms and of Hearts,
 Who fam'd Hero's in our Age that be,
 Lose their Lustre, when compar'd with Thee.
 Peace-maker in our Bloody Wars,
 Reconciler of Intestine Jarrs.
 Martial THISTLE buds, and no more withers,
 fragrant ROSE it's Scent again recovers.
 HARP is tun'd: And valiant SIR, to Thee,
 Conquering LILLIES bow and humbled be.
 Ballance of all Europe SIR, is Your's,
 Help and Shelter of oppressed Powers.
 Mortal in his Veins bears nobler Blood,
 From a Race, both Ancient, Great and Good,
 Orders of our faith, to Pop'ry Foes,
 Holland, Flanders, and all Europe knows.
 Happy ORANGE-TREE, both Branch and Root,
 Hath blest Britain with such cordial Fruit,
 Those that in the Northern World do dwell,
 Much refreshed by the very Smell.
 Wh perfumes all our European Coasts,
 Though Boreas Blasts and Hyperborean Frosts.
 Your own Thule, and the Orkney Isles,
 Round cold Russia many thousand Miles.
 Wh rare Accomplishments that shine in You,
 As CALEDONIA thus her Case renew.
 Now if Great SIR, you list to lend an Ear,
 A far Countrey, joyful News we hear,
 Thus gently blows, and Whistling, Sings,
 My sweet Gales, delicious Tydings brings.
 Of November, that auspicious Day,
 Valiant SCOTS their Colours did display,
 The Western world, where they did meet,
 Bands of Welcomes prostrat at their Feet.
 Sovereign Director was their Guide,
 And them favour'd; Earth, Seas, Wind and Tyde.
 Natives made their Joyes ring to the Skyes,
 Them ador'd as Demi-deities.
 Harmless Heathens, whom through time we vow,
 In good Subjects both to GOD and You.
 ANDREW our first Tutelar was he,
 UNICORN, must next Supporter be,
 CALEDONIA doth bring up the Rear,
 With brave hardy Ladds, and void of Fear;
 Blendedly equipit, and to the Three,
 Endeavour and Dolphin Hand-maids be,
 To these Praises, this Addition have,
 Injuries they'l give, nor yet receive.
 Ships and Men commanded Sir, it's true,
 Captains both of Sense and Honour too.
 Are these Youths the Scum of this our Land,
 In effect, a brave and generous Band.
 And with thirst of Fame, and found to have,
 Upon the Marbles of their Grave.
 Though that hundreds in that Train do come,
 Wh Vertues are eclips'd with want at Home.
 Where their Means but equal to their Mind,
 The World you should not braver find.
 Allay Youths rash unwary Deeds,
 Have their orders sent from elder Heads.
 Whse Senat, who Consult and Vote,
 As th' Companys Interest, and what not.
 Whsing Fertile Fields and Golden Mountains,
 Wh clear Crystal Fountains.

Rivers, safe Bayes, variety of Plants,
 And useful Trees which our old Britain wants.
 Here grows the *Nicaragua Manchionell*,
Vannileos also, that perfumes so well.
 Our fable night is gone, the day is won,
 The SCOTS are follow'd with the *RISING-SUN*.
 The Ev'ning crowns the Day, and what remains?
 Old *ALBANY* its antient Fame regains. (old
FERGUS is. } Your brave Ancestor gave the Scots of
 A *Lion rampant* in a field of Gold:
 When he our Coat-Armorial did dispense.
 Which now is ours, in a true literal Sense.
 And can our Breasts such swelling Joys contain,
WILLIAM the *Lion* rules the SCOTS again:
 A Nation who with hearts, with hands and head,
 Will serve you, Sovereign Sir, in time of need.
 Warlike *Gaustavus*, and Great *Charl le maigne*,
 Did ne're employ our Martial swords in vain.
 The Brittons, Romans, Saxons and the Danes,
 Did all Invade Us, but with fruitless Pains.
 The treach'rous *Pisls* did oft attempt the same;
 But for Reward, lost Countrey, Life and Name.
 The noble Race of *Douglafs* did excell
 In Military Glory, all can tell
 At Home, and Forraign Shoars, yea, ever still,
 Of all the Surname, very few have ill.
 The antient *Grahams* are brave, all confess,
 True to their Sov'raigns, chiefly in distress.
 The *Daves* who made our neighb'ring Nation Slaves;
 Found here the *Hays* who beat them to their Graves,
 Kind *Mantua* hath never yet forgot
 Rare *Cresighton*, call'd the *Admirable Scot*,
 Whose life shews him a Miracle of Men:
 As it is drawn by an *Italian Pen*.
Wallace and *Bruce*, I shall not now rehearse;
 Lest I offend you, Sir, with tedious Verse.
 And hundreds more of undenied Fame,
 For Arts and Arms, whom I forbear to name:
 And as our Valour flew all Europe round,
 So now our Trade scarce both the Poles shall bound.
 If You but own us, Mighty Sir, and then
 No Devils we fear, nor yet malicious Men.
 What humane Counter-plot can marr the thing,
 That is protected by *Great-Brittain's King*.
 Our Claim is just: and so we value not
 The Brags of *Spain*, nor Thundrings of the Pope,
 Who may well threaten; Yet *Don* dare not fight,
 When he minds *DARIEN*, and old *Eighty eight*.
 Their Cruelties were Catholick indeed,
 Not Christian, to poor *Indians* and their Seed,
 But those they call Hereticks of our Nation,
 We hope will shew a meeker Reformation.
 Nor shall insulting Neighbours henceforth taunt
 The gen'rous SCOTS, for Poverty and Want.
 Our ships through all the World shal go and come,
 Even from the Rising to the Setting Sun.
 Then shall we from the genuine Spring command,
 What now we truckle at a second hand.
 And we shall flourish by your Royal Rays,
 With Honour, Riches, and old *Nessors* days:
 And ever bless our GOD, and praise our KING,
 And *CALEDONIA's* Triumphs gladly sing.

No mercenary thoughts, or base design
 Of servile Flattery, made this Verse